# THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

*THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month.* TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra.* REMITTANCES *should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

*THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.*

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

*No. 605.* SEPTEMBER 1, 1911. *Vol. LI.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE

"A SAD ANACREON" . . . . . 119

CASUAL COMMENT . . . . . 121

A library of magnificent distances. — The Index Exasperatorius in libraries. — Another version of the Barbara Frietchie legend. — A library report in rhyme. — King George's opportunity. — Overheard in Concord. — The shifting standards of orthography. — The cause of the colored folk. — The strong past participle. — The real rewards of genius. — Literary honors to Virginia. — Lax guardianship of valuable public documents.

THE POET OF PROSTRATE POLAND. *Percy F. Bicknell* . . . . . 124

LEE AND LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG. *James M. Garnett* . . . . . 126

FRENCH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. *James W. Tupper* . . . . . 129

CANADA OLD AND NEW. *Lawrence J. Burpee* . 130

Griffith's The Dominion of Canada. — Le Clercq's New Relation of Gaspesia. — Yeagh's Through the Heart of Canada. — Aflalo's A Fisherman's Summer in Canada.

A SIGNIFICANT PIECE OF BIBLE CRITICISM. *Joseph Henry Crooker* . . . . . 132

WHAT IS ART? *Frederick W. Gookin* . . . . 133

Van Dyke's What is Art? — Jameson's Art's Enigma. — Mrs. Barrington's Essays on the Purpose of Art. — Low's The Painter's Progress.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS . . . . . 135

Correspondence of Mrs. Craigie and her friends. — Pioneer motoring in the Balkans. — The element of comedy in George Meredith. — A governor of the old Bay State two centuries ago. — A dip into the future of Education. — The biography of a famous biographer. — The unassimilated colored element of New York City. — Child-labor, its causes and its cure.

BRIEFER MENTION . . . . . 138

NOTES . . . . . 138

TOPICS IN SEPTEMBER PERIODICALS . . . 140

LIST OF NEW BOOKS . . . . . 140

## *"A SAD ANACREON."*

It is just a hundred years since Théophile Gautier was born, and almost forty since he died, his work acclaimed by many fellow-singers, among whom Swinburne was chief.

"All joys and wonders of old lives and new
That ever in love's shine or shadow grew,
And all the grief whereof he dreams and grieves,
And all sweet roots fed on his light and dew;

"All these through thee our spirit of sense perceives,
As threads in the unseen woof thy music weaves,
Birds caught and snared that fill our ears with thee,
Bay-blossoms in thy wreath of brow-bound leaves."

Since these memorial verses were penned, we have had time to think the matter over, and the question arises: How much of this is rhetorical adulation, how much genuine emotion that still has power to evoke a responsive thrill? The fashions of French literature have changed many times since Gautier lived — almost as frequently as the fashions in hats and gowns; they changed radically during the poet's own lifetime. How much of his work has the quality that makes poetry survive despite its accidents? This is the question which we are bound to ask concerning any writer when his first centenary comes round; and we are bound also to find for it some kind of an answer.

According to the estimates of those indefatigable bibliographers, MM. Bergerat and Spoelberch de Louvenjoul, Gautier wrote enough matter — poetry, romance, criticism, travel — to fill at least three hundred volumes. It was a fair achievement for one who posed as a *poitrinaire*, although Dumas boasted of three or four times as much; but of course no such quantity of work can possibly be handed down by any one man to a later generation except as stuff to be piled up in the lumber-rooms of the libraries. It was mostly journalism, as its author would have been free to admit; and he could have had no idea that posterity would interest itself in more than a small fraction of the total. The great mass of this writing was of the most ephemeral sort — criticism of books and plays and paintings that have passed out of memory, and carried with them all the comment which they occasioned. What Gautier had to say about them is of no more value than what Poe

had to say about the fifth-rate American writers that he was called upon to examine in his day's work. Nuggets of critical thought are imbedded in the matrix, no doubt, but Gautier left us so much pure gold that we do not need to add to the hoard by pickings and siftings from the scrap-heap of his tailings. We may leave that task to the biographer, whose duty it is to allow no material to go unexamined; the general reader and amateur of literature will find his sufficient account in the treasures which the poet consciously wrought into works of art. The suggestion of Poe in this connection is instructive, for both the French and the American poet used the same media, and in the really immortal parts of their work were inspired by the same devotion to the purest and most austere of poetical ideals. In the two cases we have something like the same proportion — say ten to one — between what is forgotten and what is cherished, and the same antipodal difference in artistic quality.

Gautier was so picturesque a figure, particularly in his early years, that he has remained ever since the victim of his own legend. The image of him which remains vivid in our memory is invested with the red waistcoat, despite his assertion that he never wore it but once, and that it was not a red waistcoat at all, but a rose-colored doublet. "Gentlemen, this is very important. The red waistcoat would have meant the color of republican politics. But there was nothing of the sort. We were simply mediæval. We represented the machicolation party, and that was all." Gautier, indeed, had special reasons for not blessing the republican agitation. His father, a pronounced legitimist, promptly played the stock market for a rise when the July Revolution broke out, and lost all his fortune. This was the very moment in which Théo's modest volume of "Poésies" was published, and the Parisians were too excited to buy it. The poet, in consequence, was forced to make a living by resorting to journalism. His early verses, however, had found favor with Sainte-Beuve, who said, "there is a man who sculptures in granite and not in smoke," and took him to call on Hugo. This is Mirecourt's story, but it seems that the introduction to the Master was really made by Gérard de Nerval. The excitement about "Hernani" occurred early in 1830, some months before the Revolution. Gautier was the acknowledged leader of the romantic guard of young men who took possession of the House of Molière on that memorable day, and hurled defiance at the old guard of the classicists. Those were the days of long hair and fantastic garb and striking equipages — the days when Byronism was all the fashion, and the consuming ambition of ingenuous youth was to *épater le bourgeois*. To be Byronic meant, among other things, to be gloomy and consumptive, which was rather a joke in the case of Théo, who was chubby, red-cheeked, and square-shouldered. Naturally, this pose and these eccentricities created a legend, from which it is now difficult to disengage the actual man.

This early phase was soon outgrown, and under the pressure of necessity Gautier grew into the serious literary craftsman, vigorous in health and curious about life, who could describe himself as "a man for whom the eternal world exists." He was a leader always, and when he emerged from the romantic fog he carried French literature with him into the clear air of realism, little dreaming of the degraded interpretation of that concept which would be made by his successors. For his realism was something more artistic, not less, than his romanticism had ever been. It was his true bent all the time; and it meant not only clear-sightedness, but also severity and restraint. In prose, it enabled him to produce those classics of travel, the book which describes his visits to Spain, Italy, and Russia, and his journey to Constantinople and the East, besides the marvellous *contes*, and "Le Capitaine Fracasse," that masterpiece of joyous historical romance. In poetry, it was the inspiration of the delicately-graven art of the "Emaux et Camées," which is as sure of immortality as anything in French literature. He learned the full meaning of toil, and, in the work which was not frankly journeyman's labor, his aim was nothing less than perfection. He had many shocks, and bore them bravely; and his mien became grave, impassive, and almost Olympian. "It makes you look like Homer," said one of the Goncourts at sight of a recently-engraved portrait. "At the best, a sad Anacreon," was his response. He lived in Paris through the Siege and the Commune, and died a year later, at the age of sixty.

Even in his prose, Gautier was essentially a poet. Says M. Emile Henriot, to whose deeply sympathetic appreciation in the "Mercure de France" we are indebted for much that we have already related:

> "He loved poetry for itself, and not for what may be put into it, whether dramatic effect, declamation, philosophy, eloquence, demagogic dream, or socialism. He loved poetry for itself, for the music of rhythm, the color of words, for its periodic architecture and immaterial imagery, for the vast and profound beauty of its responses — all art is responsive — to his dreams. . . .

He did not rhyme to prove God's existence, to measure the infinite, to codify love, to extol liberty, equality, and the sovereign people. . . . No, he sang because singing was pleasant, and if it happened that in his verses he came upon God, Love, and the Infinite, it is because these are inseparable elements of all poetry."

This is a fair statement of the doctrine of *l'art pour l'art* as it was exemplified in Gautier's practice, and it does not mean that he was unconcerned about life and its graver issues. Pursuing his artist's task in the spirit of that poem which is probably the best-known of all his shorter pieces, he was at heart preoccupied with the problems that other poets make free to discuss in their work. Especially was he obsessed by the enigma of man's destiny, and the question put to Faust poring over a manuscript in the "Comédie de la Mort" is the question that remained uppermost in Gautier's own mind throughout his later years.

"Quel sable, quel corail a ramené ta sonde?
As-tu touché le fond des sagesses du monde,
En puisant à ton puits?
Nous as-tu dans ton seau fait monter toute nue
La blanche vérité jusqu'ici méconnue?
Arbre, où sont donc tes fruits?"

But neither Faust nor Don Juan nor Napoleon can supply the inquiring spirit with the word of the enigma. This the poet is honest enough to admit; but he does not for that abandon his spiritual quest, and his thirst for the infinite cannot be wholly slaked at the fountain of art. It is a grateful refuge by the wayside, but it is not the summit which is the goal of the pilgrimage. For Théo, the summit was veiled in mists; but he never lost the intuition of its shining glory.

## *CASUAL COMMENT.*

A LIBRARY OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES, like the palatial structure recently opened for the use of the New York public, has its obvious disadvantages. When a hurry-up order is given at the delivery desk for a book half a block away, the desired volume is pretty sure not to be forthcoming with sufficient celerity to satisfy the applicant. A courteous complainant writes a letter to the New York "Times," mildly deploring the necessity of such long waits as have fallen to his share in his enjoyment of the splendid facilities of the finest public library in the world. Four hours' enforced contemplation of its interior splendors while one or two volumes of "The Liberator" were being fetched in response to an order, certainly seems excessive; but perhaps more trying than that to a sensitive soul is to be informed, after a long interval of hopeful expectancy, that one's application slip is lost, and will one please make out another. These and other patience-trying occurrences, as recorded by the letter-writer, call to mind the mediæval methods still employed at many of the great libraries of Europe, where the interval between the asking for and the getting of a book may be as much as half a day, or even a whole day. However, the machinery of an immense new library should not be expected to get into perfect running order too soon; and although the complainant makes pertinent reference to "the relative inefficiency of municipal as compared with individual conduct of business," we must not yet lose hope of better things in the way of speed and accuracy on the part of the vast bibliothecal plant at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

* * *

THE INDEX EXASPERATORIUS IN LIBRARIES is distinguished by its fondness for the vicious circle of cross-reference. The vicious circle of cross-reference, known with sorrow to every librarian, cataloguer, bibliographer, and other literary workman conversant with the tools of his trade, may be illustrated by the following example from "Who's Who in the Social Swim." Wishing to learn the maiden name of the young Countess of Sweetwater, we turned of course to "Sweetwater" in its alphabetical place, but were there referred to "Jones, Launcelot Pilkington." Scanning with a sigh the long list of Joneses, we at last found, under Jones, L. Pilkington, "see Pilkington-Jones, Launcelot." Thereupon we chased the alphabet down to P, and were rewarded with overtaking, in its proper place, "Pilkington-Jones, family name of the Earls of Sweetwater," which started us back to our original caption before we became conscious of the vicious circle in which we were involved. A playful editorial note in a current journal, commenting on the Index Exasperatorius, suggests a way in which it can be turned to good account in the cultivation of equanimity. "Make a sport of this irritating trick of the reference works, and their teeth are drawn. This, and not chess, is the great game of scholars in the future. When the track teams are getting together for cross-country meets, the scholars of the universities will be assembling for cross-reference meets, rolling up scores into three figures." But the grievance of the writer quoted seems to end with cross-references that do ultimately, however circuitously, lead the searcher to the desired goal. It is the cross-reference gyroscope, the cat pursuing its own tail, that makes us dizzy and peevish.

* * *

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE LEGEND comes to notice with the death, in Baltimore, of Henry Clay Naill, an old-time resident of Frederick, the Maryland town where, according to Whittier, the nonagenarian dame "took up the flag the men hauled down," and "leaned far out on the window-sill, and shook it forth with a royal will." Mr. Naill, who was wont to claim that he had known Barbara Frietchie from his infancy, and had sat in her lap many a time, was quite clear as to what really occurred on that day when the Confederate

troops came marching into Frederick town. Thirsty with their march, some of Stonewall Jackson's men entered Barbara's garden without permission and drank from her well, whereupon she, from the porch where she was churning, bade them begone. At this, two of the intruders advanced to the porch and made as if they would partake of her buttermilk, but retired with their fellows amid much laughter when she opened upon them with a volley of mingled English and Pennsylvania Dutch. It was Mrs. Quantrell, further down the street, who, with an eye to dramatic effect, ran to her front gate and waved a small American flag, but received no attention from the soldiery beyond a few derisive salutations and some good-natured chaff. The conflicting Frietchie and Quantrell claims to fame have long been subjects of debate, but it was left to Mr. Naill to exhibit both women in no very heroic light, the one as a shrew and the other as a person clutching at a little cheap glory with no danger whatever to her own person. Nevertheless the Whittier version makes a fine poem, and Dame Barbara will not easily be shorn of the renown she has so long enjoyed.

* * *

A LIBRARY REPORT IN RHYME has come out of the poetically beautiful Berkshire hills, and though the librarian, Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, of the Berkshire Athenæum (the public library of Pittsfield), may not have written himself into the distinguished company of such poet-librarians as Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, Mr. John Vance Cheney, and the late Sam Walter Foss, he has nevertheless done an original thing, and, considering the unpoetic nature of his subject matter, done it rather well. Of the library's book-loaning activities we read:

> "The circulation last year, I see,
> Was 91,073;
> We have added this year to the former score
> 8530 more.
> The total number this year will be
> 99,603.
>
> "March has led for many a year
> In the number of books delivered here;
> But now, as we shall long remember,
> The largest total was last November.
> The weather was cold, the winds were shifty,
> And the count was 9250."

There are doubtless more sides to Mr. Ballard than have yet been exposed to public view. Years ago his inventive skill earned for him the gratitude of his fellow-librarians by the production of a metal clip that has the grip of a bulldog, and that will hold pamphlets, periodicals, or loose sheets together till the crack of doom. What he shall eventually prove himself to be besides librarian, poet, and inventor, doth not yet appear. * * *

KING GEORGE'S OPPORTUNITY, now that he is duly crowned and fairly seated on the throne of England, contains limitless possibilities for good. Mr. H. G. Wells, asking, in the London "Daily Mail," what sort of an account of itself the reign now beginning will be likely to give at its close, thus ends his series of questions: "Will it leave a London preserved and beautified, or will it but add abundantly to the lumps of dishonest statuary, the scars and masses of ill-conceived rebuilding which testify to the æsthetic degradation of the Victorian period? Will a great constellation of artists redeem the ambitious sentimentalities and genteel skilfulness that find their fitting mausoleum in the Tate Gallery? Will our literature escape at last from pretentiousness and timidity, our philosophy from the foolish cerebrations of university 'characters' and eminent politicians at leisure, and our starved science find scope and resources adequate to its gigantic needs? Will our universities, our teaching, our national training, our public services, gain a new health from the reviving vigor of the national brain? Or is all this a mere wild hope, and shall we, after some small flutterings of effort, the foundation of some ridiculous little academy of literary busybodies and hangers-on, the public recognition of this or that sociological pretender or financial 'scientist,' and a little polite jobbery with picture-buying, relapse into lassitude and a contented acquiescence in the rivalry of Germany and the United States for the moral, intellectual, and material leadership of the world?" With America, then, in part, through the stimulus of her rivalry so frankly acknowledged by Mr. Wells, it rests to hasten or retard the realization of his dreams.

* * *

OVERHEARD IN CONCORD, by a Concord resident, from the lips of an exclamatory New Jersey tourist, one of a personally-conducted party: "No wonder this place produces such geniuses as James Whitcomb Riley and the rest! I think I could write poetry myself if I lived here a while." And from another hero-worshipper: "Please, Mr. Lecturer, will you tell us when we get to Mrs. Eddy's home?" The megaphoned reply that "Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy lived in Concord, New Hampshire — not Concord, Massachusetts" tended to dispel the enchantment of the place for certain members of the party. About half the strangers who come to view the "Wayside," where Hawthorne lived, begin to count the gables, in the vain hope of making out seven, before someone conveys a correcting hint with a proper reference to Salem; and the other half are not unlikely to confuse the historic Concord house with the Wayside Inn in another Massachusetts town. But all this jumble of misinformation heightens wonderfully the charm of summer travel, and also gives innocent amusement to the summer traveller's better-informed overhearers.

* * *

THE SHIFTING STANDARDS OF ORTHOGRAPHY give occasion for an interesting article by Professor Brander Matthews entitled "How Ought We to Spell?" in the August issue of "Munsey's Magazine." What he says of the perpetual changes in pronunciation and spelling and meaning that words

inevitably undergo is incontestable, as is also the fact of incessant clashing of opinion among the lexicographers, to whom we are wont to go for authoritative direction in these matters. And now the self-constituted spelling-reformers are adding their note to the discord. Probably without intending it as such, Professor Matthews presents one of the chief arguments against the move toward phonetic or simplified spelling. Long-established pronunciations, he says, are ever liable to modification. "At one moment a word may have a pronunciation accepted by all; then, in time, a different pronunciation may begin to spread sporadically, and for a period . . . there will be two contending pronunciations; until at last one or the other succeeds in imposing itself" — for a longer or shorter period. "Either" and "neither" are among the instructive examples adduced by him. In another paragraph we find him asking, "Why not write *gipsy* rather than the less logical *gypsy*?" But why is the latter less logical? It points back to the original home of the swarthy-visaged wanderers, and to the kindred Latin and Greek words. One cannot but note, with some sympathy for the author, the unreformed dress in which the printers have clothed his essay.

* * *

THE CAUSE OF THE COLORED FOLK is to be ably defended by a new periodical, "The Crisis," already well started in New York by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, the negro writer and sociologist, is editor-in-chief, and one is glad to find Garrison blood in at least one of his corps of associates — Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, historian of John Brown and president of the New York Evening Post Co. It is to be noted, further, that 20 Vesey St., the address of the "Post," is also that of "The Crisis," and that among the members of the new Association are Miss Jane Addams, Professor John Dewey, Mr. Jacob Schiff, and others of prominence and influence. The truth and the whole truth about the black man, and the securing of justice for him, are the primary objects of the little magazine, which also contains some matter of more general interest.

* * *

THE STRONG PAST PARTICIPLE has a vigor and emphasis never attained by the weak. In the recent days of unprecedented heat over a large part of the north temperate zone, how much better it satisfies the need of verbal expression to speak of oneself, after running to catch one's suburban train, as having "got all het up" than as having "become thoroughly heated." A metropolitan journal of enviable reputation for correctness in the use of language has editorially indulged in the good old Yankeeism cited above; nor has it even felt called upon to enclose the idiom in apologetic quotation marks. Professor Albert Hopkins of Williams College used to say of one of the less comfortable recitation rooms of that institution, that all it needed was to be properly het and lit to make it entirely satisfactory. And who would have chid him for his partiality to the strong past participle?

* * *

THE REAL REWARDS OF GENIUS, more specifically of literary genius, were described the other day by a labor-member of the House of Commons in a protest against the pending English copyright bill, as consisting in the comfort and inspiration which the author's message gives to others. Hence the utter wrongness of the proposed measure to assure to the genius and his family more of the pecuniary profits of his work, at the expense of the laboring man who will have to pay a higher price for the afore-mentioned comfort and inspiration. Perhaps the honorable member would enjoy defending the thesis that the real rewards of the laboring man consist in the comfort and cheer his brick-laying or carpentry or plumbing or coal-mining affords to others, and that all contracts whereby he is assured a fair return for his toil are iniquitous and oppressive.

* * *

LITERARY HONORS TO VIRGINIA are falling thick and fast this summer. Four of her novelists figure conspicuously in the current records of book-sales. On recent lists of the six best-sellers are to be noted Miss Mary Johnston's war-time novel, "The Long Roll," Mr. Vaughan Kester's "The Prodigal Judge," Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed," and Miss Ellen Glasgow's "The Miller of Old Church." Richmond claims three of these writers as residents, while Gunston Hall, the old home of the Masons, was the abode of Mr. Kester. The literary centre of the United States should perhaps just now be considered as located neither at the mouth of the Charles River, nor in the borough of Manhattan, nor even at the southern end of Lake Michigan, but within the boundaries of the Old Dominion and not far from the capitol building on the left bank of the James River.

* * *

LAX GUARDIANSHIP OF VALUABLE PUBLIC DOCUMENTS, such as has lately been made public in press despatches from Washington, ought to serve as a convincing argument for that more careful and systematic custody which we recently pointed out as a need that must sooner or later receive attention. Within three months three important documents belonging to different departments of the government have vanished from view, all of them of importance — perhaps uncomfortable importance to some, in connection with questions of current discussion and controversy. If the sacredness of official papers of this and other sorts is not to be made to be respected by a properly constituted guardian of public documents, with adequate quarters (fire-proof and burglar-proof) for the safe custody of his collection, what limits of confusion and chaos may we not ultimately reach?

## The New Books.

### The Poet of Prostrate Poland.*

The vitality of the Polish language and literature, the Polish press, the Polish theatre, Polish customs and traditions — in short, the Polish national spirit — is something remarkable and admirable, in view of the centuries of effort to Russianize and Germanize the dismembered kingdom. Through it all, the Polish-speaking population, as shown by census returns, has held its own, and even some degree of Polonization of the Germans in Poland has been noted. The world has moved on since the final partition of Polish territory among the powerful adjacent land-grabbers, and little thought is now given by the public at large to the woes of Poland or to her possible resurrection among the nations in any remote future. But Poland is by no means dead. The Poles are biding their time, we are assured, and husbanding their strength, keeping alive the national spirit, and above all seeing to it that the Polish language and literature shall not become a dead language and literature.

Fascinating though Poland's tragic history is to all the world, we of the English tongue cannot claim much familiarity with her writers and their works. Even manuals and compendiums of Polish literature for English readers are almost non-existent, and satisfactory translations of the Polish classics do not abound. The difficulties of the language may partly account for this. At any rate, so dissimilar are the idioms of Pole and Englishman that the two might almost be said to think on different planes. To contribute to our better acquaintance with a rich and noble literature, Miss Monica M. Gardner has prepared a biographical and descriptive work on "Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland," who, as she says in her preface, though "well known in other countries, is almost a stranger in England." Equally and probably more a stranger is he in America, greatest of Poland's poets though we know him to be.

The outward events of his life, which falls between the years 1798 and 1855, are few and soon enumerated. Born near Wilna, of an old Lithuanian family that had seen better days, he was educated in his native town and at the University of Wilna, and afterward taught school for a few years. But soon falling under suspicion with the Russian authorities because of his membership in a young men's patriotic organization, he was first imprisoned and then exiled, being sent as a kind of hostage to Russia, where he remained until 1829, when he obtained permission to travel, and made his way to Paris. His productivity as a poet seems to have ceased with his marriage in 1834, the hard realities of his struggle for a maintenance then becoming intensified. A call to Lausanne in 1839 as professor of classical literature was followed in less than a year by a summons back to Paris to accept the newly-established professorship of Slavonic literature at the Collège de France, where his lectures from the first drew large audiences. But he was not well versed in his subject, though he knew the literature of his own country, and that of Russia up to the death of Pushkin; and he also had the misfortune to render himself obnoxious to the government by his openly proclaimed belief that the destined savior of stricken Poland was to be a Bonaparte. Therefore, popular and inspiring though he was in the lecture-room, where his æsthetic critiques and fine improvisations delighted his hearers, the poet-professor found himself once more confronted with the serious problem of supporting himself and his growing family, a problem afterward further complicated by the insanity of his wife. Religious mysticism and other aberrations played their part, too, in the poet's own life and thought, traceable perhaps to the influence of one Towianski, a fanatic. Various temporary occupations somehow kept the poet and his family from starving. A brief term of newspaper editorship, and another short season of librarianship at the Arsenal, were followed in 1855 by an appointment as special envoy to Constantinople to gain information concerning the condition of the Christians and the quality of their education under Turkish rule, to explore the manuscript treasures of Turkish libraries, and to assist in raising a Polish legion to serve in the pay of Turkey against Russia. A strange mission, this, for a poet and an idealist; but its incongruities were not to vex him long, for he died of cholera about two months after reaching Constantinople. His tomb may now be seen in the cathedral of Santa Croce at Cracow.

The early life of Mickiewicz, passed in a district of Lithuania that was then enjoying comparative happiness after the enemies of Poland had done their worst in the way of conquest and dismemberment, lingered ever after in the poet's fond remembrance and inspired

*Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland. By Monica M. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

his noblest and most touching poems. An interpreter of nature as well as a writer of patriotic verse, he has reproduced the sights and sounds of his Lithuanian woodlands in a way to challenge comparision with the best of our own nature poets. Cradled into poetry by the wrongs of his country — the final grand partition of Poland took place only three years before his birth, and the resettlement effected by the Congress of Vienna fell within his youth — Adam Mickiewicz found in his art a solace for grief and also a means for awakening new hope in his own breast and in that of others. Had he not suffered expatriation and become oppressed with the wretched cares and anxieties of a poverty-stricken domestic life, it is very unlikely that he would have so early abandoned poetry. From Miss Gardner's opening chapter we take a scene agreeably in contrast with our later glimpses of the poet's life:

"One of Mickiewicz's brothers has left us a pleasant picture of the family gathered together in the evening. Adam is seated under the lamp, reading out the latest news of the war. The father, already drawing near his grave, supported by his stick walks about the room, unable to sit still for his emotion. The mother, at her needle, embroidering national emblems, watches her dying husband furtively with tear-dimmed eyes. One boy traces out the march of Napoleon's armies on the map. The others listen while busied over different tasks."

Those were the poet's happy days, as the writer observes. The spring of 1812 was full of promise and smiling with hope to the Polish people. Napoleon, the fondly-imagined deliverer of the oppressed land, was marching with victorious legions into Russia, and the whole Polish nation was wild with joy. "God is with Napoleon, Napoleon is with us," was the watchword. More than twenty years later, in his great poem "Thaddeus," Mickiewicz sang the pæan of that wonderful spring. A few lines from Miss Gardner's translation of a part of the poem will show what hope and joy filled every bosom.

"Oh, spring! I saw thee in our land. Memorable spring of war, spring of plenty. Oh spring, flowering with corn and grass, brilliant with men, fertile in deed, pregnant with hope! Born in captivity, fettered while in swaddling-bands, only one such spring have I known in my life.

"To this day the people call thee the year of plenty, and the soldier the year of war. To this day, the aged love to tell tales of thee, to this day song dreams of thee. Long wert thou heralded by heavenly marvel [a great comet visible in 1811] and preceded by low rumours among the people. With the sun of spring some strange presentiment filled Lithuanian hearts as though before the end of the world: some yearning expectation full of joy."

Bitter was the disappointment so soon to follow, and the gloom was further intensified for the poet by the death of his father. But the change to university life came as a welcome distraction in 1815. Brilliant success attended him throughout his four-years course, and his strong literary and poetic bent declared itself in the production of both prose and verse for publication and for reading before student assemblies. "Even at this early stage of his career," says the author, "he had formed his great theory upon which he built his poetical life, that the school of the poet is that of self-sacrifice and consecration." From a characteristic poem of this period, an "Ode to Youth," we quote a few passages in Miss Gardner's rendering.

"Without heart, without soul, those are the nations of skeletons. Oh, youth, give me wings! Let me soar above a dead world to the heavenly country of dreams where enthusiasm works miracles, strews fresh flowers and clothes hope in golden pictures.

"Let he [*sic*] whose vision age has dimmed, bending his furrowed brow to earth, look on the world's glebe by the limit of his darkened eyes.

"Oh, youth! Soar thou beyond the horizon's bounds, and with the eyes of sun pierce thou the mighty multitudes of the human race from end to end.

"Oh youth! The nectar of life is only sweet when it is shared with others. The joys of heaven inebriate our hearts when they are bound together by one golden thread.

"Together, young friends! The happiness of each is the aim of all, mighty in union, in enthusiasm wise. Together, young friends! And happy is he who, fallen in the midst of his career, makes with his dead body a rung of the ladder for others to reach the garden of glory. Together, young friends! Although the road be slippery and steep, and violence and weakness forbid the entrance, let violence hurl violence back, and let us learn to conquer weakness while we are young."

Among other poems described and in part translated by the biographer, "The Ancestors," "The Books of the Polish Nation and of the Polish Pilgrimage," and the already-mentioned epic "Thaddeus," which is considered the poet's masterpiece, deserve especial mention. As proof of the present continuance of Mickiewicz's fame, and as promise of his immortality, the writer cites the fact that "in the late Russo-Japanese war, 'The Book of the Polish Pilgrimage' was found on the dead bodies of the Polish soldiers, pathetic testimony to the undying love for their country of the sons of Poland who fell by thousands in a quarrel not their own."

The tone of the older and saddened Mickiewicz, as shown by a letter to his brother Francis in 1833, is not that of his buoyant and hopeful youth, but is indicative of a sober and manly fortitude, not unmixed with stoicism, that was

to carry him through to the end of his troubled life. He writes:

"I see you will not soon reconcile yourself to your fate, and that you are not as yet accustomed to be sick with yearning, which sickness certainly lasts always, but which also has its crisis, its high-water mark, and then becomes a chronic, slow disease. I know no way in which I can in any way hammer out of your head anxiety for the future. Reflect that the future cannot be worse, and changing can only better it."

To a friend we find him writing at this time: "You have not profited from my company. When did you ever see me thinking about the future? If I had a loving wife, I do not believe I should think even about the next hour, but I should rest entirely in the present." Disappointment in love had been added to other and less personal sorrows to induce the calmness of despair which seems to speak in some of his utterances. The girl whom he had early wished to marry, and who reciprocated his affection, was forced by family considerations to wed another man, whose wealth would succor her impoverished parents. The young woman whom he finally made his wife seems to have been devoted to him, though it is little of conjugal bliss that we seem to find in the poet's home in a strange land. His golden years were those of poetic productivity in his youth and early prime. A pathetic figure, on the whole, like his own afflicted country, must be his image in our minds, but beautiful with the consecrating touch of a high ideal and a brave and generous purpose.

Miss Gardner's book supplies a felt need, though it makes no claim to completeness as a biography. The striking features of Mickiewicz's life and work are dwelt upon, and perhaps that is all we ought to ask for in any study of the poet. Authentic sources of information she has found in some abundance in his own tongue, especially in the four-volume biography of the poet by his son, Mr. Ladislas Mickiewicz. The original translations from the poems are abundant and welcome, though, as may have been observed, the translator's preoccupation with the difficult Polish has at times dulled her ear or eye to the felicities of English. The book as a whole, presenting in attractive form the most interesting facts concerning a highly interesting as well as noble character, and enriched with a sympathetic study of his works, deserves commendation. A portrait in photogravure faces the title-page, and a bibliography and an index complete the volume.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

## LEE AND LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.*

Captain Beecham, an officer in an Iowa regiment in the Civil War, has written a volume containing the results of his studies and observations of the battle of Gettysburg, which he considers the pivotal battle of the war. The present reviewer, who was an officer in the Confederate army, and was on the field at Gettysburg, has read the book twice, with uncommon interest. He considers it a very intelligent and readable account of the battle, but he cannot concur in some of the author's judgments and opinions. The latter seems to follow Longstreet too closely in his view of Confederate affairs; whereas the writer of this review considers Longstreet himself chiefly responsible for the loss of that battle by the Confederates. He does not, however, praise General Lee's conduct of the battle unreservedly. He has often thought that if "Old Stonewall" had commanded on the left, instead of Ewell, there would have been no battle of Gettysburg: one hour of Jackson on the afternoon of July 1 would have transferred the Pipe Creek engagement to some other place. Longstreet's unwillingness to fight at Gettysburg should have excluded him from command on that field. His unaccountable delay in beginning the battle of the second of July allowed time for the arrival of reinforcements which an earlier opening would have made unavailable.

Pickett's division arrived on the field about midday of July 1 — not, as Captain Beecham states, "during the night of the second" (page 53), for the reviewer well remembers riding to see his cousin, General Garnett, who had been in an ambulance all that morning. The author puts Pickett's arrival a day too late. It is a question whether Sickles's advanced position on the 2nd was a gain or loss to the Federals. It would appear to have been more of a gain, for otherwise Longstreet's men would probably have taken Little Round Top before Warren could have anticipated them. Sickles's fight delayed Longstreet, and prevented an earlier attack on Little Round Top. In Chapter XI., on "Lee and his Mistakes," the author attributes to General Lee mistakes made by others. If General Lee's plans had been carried out as ordered, Gettysburg would probably have been a success for the Confederates.

Captain Beecham concedes that "Lee was a great general," but in his disposition to favor

*GETTYSBURG. The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War. By Captain R. K. Beecham. With illustrations and map. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Longstreet he fails to condemn his mistakes which prevented the fulfilment of General Lee's plans. It is wrong to say that "for once, at least, Lee's courage failed him." He had already declined to take Longstreet's advice and flank the Federals out of their position. Surely this might have been done; but having already begun to *fight* them out of it, General Lee preferred to continue on that line, believing that with proper support he could succeed in his object. The author praises General Reynolds very highly, and doubtless deservedly; but his career was soon cut short. The absence of the Fifth and Sixth Corps made it all the more necessary that the battle of the second of July should begin as early as possible on the part of the Confederates, and every impartial reader knows that it was not begun as early as it might have been. It was not General Lee who was hesitating, but Longstreet; and Captain Beecham rightly says (page 158): "Longstreet must have lost two precious hours in marching, counter-marching, and manœuvring for position. The result was that the Fifth and Sixth Corps were getting nearer and nearer, and finally had to be reckoned with. At last, late in the afternoon, Longstreet's brigades were in readiness," — and they gave a good account of themselves when they were ready. But supposing they had been ready even two or three hours sooner; how different might have been the result of that battle! Had the Federal lines from Little Round Top been enfiladed, as they might have been, what would have been the result? Had Hancock's Corps been repulsed, what an opening there would have been for Ewell and Hill! The reviewer has often wondered why Rodes's Division, with which he later served, did so little on that day, and he can only explain it on the theory that the opposing lines were too strong to justify an attack. He knows something of that division and its commander, and he knows that General Rodes would not have hesitated to go wherever he conceived success to be possible. But Longstreet did not open the way. He had already delayed too long, to make the attack on the increased numbers feasible. The engagement at the Peach Orchard allowed sufficient time for the Federal troops to get up, and prevented the enfilading movement and its consequences. The author says (page 187): "Had Longstreet begun his battle two hours earlier, — at two rather than at four o'clock, — it would have been over before Sykes's arrival, and the Battle of Gettysburg would have been counted as the most terrible defeat of the Union cause." That is the way it looks to the reviewer; but he would substitute Longstreet for Lee in the next sentences — "Lee's unaccountable hesitation and unreadiness in the morning," etc. The author says also (page 187): "A further delay of half an hour, for any cause, and Sykes would have found Little Round Top in Law's possession, and Cemetery Ridge occupied by Longstreet and his Confederates." There is no doubt of this; the only question is as to who is responsible for the delay. Longstreet knew, the night before, that he had to make this attack the next morning, and he should have made due preparation for it. But he expected General Lee to adopt *his* strategy, and so failed to make due preparation, and instead of being ready in the morning he was not ready until four o'clock in the afternoon. This unreadiness should not be laid on General Lee's shoulders. Time is an essential element in battle. Forrest's great principle of strategy, to "*get there first* with the most men," will tell every time; and it told here.

Succeeding chapters in Captain Beecham's book give an account of the fighting at Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, fought by Early's division and Johnson's division; but the Confederate success was only temporary. The attack was not sustained, and when the Federals came back next morning they readily recovered their entrenchments. The author wonders "why Ewell did not send the other three brigades of Rodes's division, and especially Gordon's brigade of Early's," and thus make the attack more successful.

Captain Beecham is right in thinking there was no bluff about Pickett's and Pettigrew's charge, "and no necessity for a bluff." It was simply an illustration of the homely adage about "sending a small boy to mill," and it was not General Lee's intention that so small a boy should be sent alone. Here again Longstreet comes in for a share of blame. McLaws and Hood should have helped Pickett. With this addition to the assaulting column, the charge might have been successful. It may be a question as to whether this charge should ever have been attempted; certainly, as made, it was foredoomed to failure. It is also a question whether much was expected from Stuart's cavalry on that day. The cavalry were "played out." The author rightfully says (page 223): "Stuart was at a disadvantage; his men were worn and weary from long and continuous riding; his horses were jaded and spiritless, while Gregg's and Custer's men and horses were comparatively

fresh and vigorous, and ready for action." The author gives a chapter to "the great cannonade." The reviewer may contribute his mite to the account by stating that when the cannonade was at its height he took out his watch and counted one hundred guns to the minute. General Alexander, who was directing the Confederate fire, stated that "the enemy's fire has not slackened at all." This makes it clear that the charge should not have been ordered; it was simply sending men to their death. There was no reason to suppose "that Meade was out of ammunition."

It may be mentioned, for future correction, that the author prints (after page 238) a picture of Gen. Robert S. Garnett, killed near Carrick's Ford on Cheat River, West Virginia, July 12, 1861, for that of Gen. Richard B. Garnett, killed at Gettysburg while commanding a brigade in Pickett's division. As far as known, no picture of Gen. Richard B. Garnett exists.

Captain Beecham rightfully tries to correct the erroneous impression that Pickett's column deserves "credit for the whole affair." Pettigrew's troops, and some others, were also there, and should always be mentioned in any account of this famous charge. There is glory enough for all, in any correct account of it. General Garnett, on account of illness, was one of the few officers in that charge who was mounted, and he was killed within about a hundred yards of the rock fence, and his body was never recovered. It is buried among "the unknown dead" on the field of Gettysburg, a mute testimony to his gallantry, when too he would have been fully justified in not going into that charge on account of his physical condition, but he was unwilling to allow his men to go in without him. The author calls it "Pickett's mad charge," but his men could not hesitate to go where they were ordered. Live or die, they were bound to obey orders; and notwithstanding the calamitous result of that fatal day, no one can deny that their duty was to obey.

General Meade has been criticized for not making a counter-charge; but he was wise in not doing so. He preferred to "let well enough alone." The Confederates were not routed, but they were repulsed. At the first sign of pursuit they would have rallied on Seminary Ridge, and the battle would have been on again. The author is not satisfied with the official statement of losses sustained by the Confederates, but contends that "the Confederate losses in the aggregate exceeded the Union losses by several thousand." This is a useless contention, and one that can never be settled. If we go outside of the official reports, there is no basis for argument; and whatever goes beyond these is but an individual's private opinion, and one man's opinion is as good as another's. Where Meade failed was in not attacking near Hagerstown and Williamsport, where General Lee's army was detained by high water; and it was nearly out of ammunition. My own train, the General Reserve Advance train, was *entirely* out, and its wagons were filled with arms collected from the battlefield of the first day at Gettysburg. High water prevented our re-crossing at Williamsport, and we had to wait there several days until the water subsided. Our handful of cavalry, teamsters, and stragglers, put up a good fight and repulsed the enemy.

Captain Beecham comments freely on "Lee's blunders at Gettysburg," but fails to prove his contention; and as to "prolonging the war," he loses sight of the brilliant campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, in which Grant was completely outgeneralled, and did not "fight it out on that line," although it took all summer and winter too, and but for Sherman another summer would have been needed. "Overwhelming numbers and resources" triumphed at last.

With some corrections and additions, this volume might be made an excellent account of the battle of Gettysburg; but the author should give up his prejudices for Longstreet and his hostility to Lee, and view with impartiality the incidents of the battle. There was good fighting done on both sides on that field; but when troops on each side are equal in prowess, or nearly so, numbers will tell, and these preponderated on the Federal side. Position, too, has something to do with the result of a battle, and this was decidedly in favor of the Federals. Lee did not intend to fight there, and the battle was brought on without his intention or his orders. His lieutenants did not sustain him with unanimity. It is said that he once remarked that if he had had Jackson at Gettysburg, he would have won. Many others believe the same thing. But whatever we may think of the result, it is a manifest duty to reconcile ourselves to it.

JAMES M. GARNETT.

---

THE late Dr. Furnivall's services to literature and to social progress will be commemorated in some suitable manner from a fund now being raised in England through a committee composed of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Edward Clodd, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. The treasurer of the fund is Mr. Anthony Hope.

### French Influence on English Literature.*

What Professor Herford did for the literary relations of England and Germany in the sixteenth century, Mr. Sidney Lee has done for those of England and France in the same period. During the age of the Renaissance, political and geographical confines did not a prison make for art and literature; then, if ever, there were influences and counter-influences of school on school, of nation on nation. In a period of such vast intellectual activity and emotional fervor, it was impossible to hedge in the free spirit that demanded utterance in all tongues. Ancient Greece and modern Italy were the sources of this imperious inspiration that stirred all Europe; but as in all ages of great artistic quickening, creation and not mere imitation flowed from these sources. The national genius, whether Italian, French, or English, prevailed; it made its own what it took from abroad. So it was that when French culture entered England it was assimilated by the native genius and became as truly English as that born of the soil. The extent of this influence was very great, so great that "neither the classics, nor Italian art and literature, nor German art and literature, can on a broad survey be said to equal it." To determine the character, and, within limits, the extent of this influence, forms the thesis of Mr. Lee's book on "The French Renaissance in England."

The character of this influence covers nearly all provinces of the intellectual activity of the time. France absorbed the culture of Greece and modern Italy, and independently sought to keep in the van of progress. In this respect she was many years ahead of England, and was therefore fitted to be the medium of classical and Renaissance culture for England, as well as to be in a position to exert independent influence. Moreover, the political links binding the two countries, their social relationships, and their geographical situation make the influence of France upon England almost inevitable. There was something also in the French character which appealed to the English. *L'esprit gaulois*, mainly because it is different, has always had an attraction for the stolid Englishman, who can find nothing like it at home. It implies, says Mr. Lee, "three enviable qualities: firstly, flexibility of thought; secondly, gaiety, tending at times to levity and coarseness, but yielding to pathetic tenderness; and, thirdly, a melodious ease of frank and simple utterance." It came about that in manners as well as in literature and art France was the chief refining agent in Tudor society.

In the barren years from 1500 to 1550, French influence was more in matters of externals than in ideas. The language was studied in French grammars written by Englishmen; English books were published in France; certain metrical forms, like the familiar Skeltonian verse, were imitated from the French. Printing was an honored profession in France at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when in England it was in the hands of "half-educated foreign mechanics," the sole exception being Caxton. And the printing-press was one of the most powerful agents of the Renaissance. In the second half of the century this influence extended to the leading departments of Elizabethan literature, to prose, the lyric, and the drama, as well as to the religious and devotional writings inspired by the work of the Huguenots.

The extent of the indebtedness of English to French culture is not so easily determined. It involves, as Mr. Lee points out, a comparison of the voluminous literatures of England, France, and Italy, to know which of the two latter it was that more directly affected the first. That the influence of France was greater than has been generally recognized is clear on an examination of Mr. Lee's volume. Even Wyatt and Surrey, who are generally thought of as going directly to Italy, absorbed rather from France the Italian "taste and sympathy which were reflected in the manner and matter of their poetry"; and the direct agents were Marot and the Parisian Florentine Alamanni. In works of philosophy, theology, and biography, the French source is usually acknowledged; corresponding to Calvin, Amyot, Rabelais, and Montaigne, are Hooker, North, Nashe, and Bacon, not to mention others who reflected their influence to a lesser degree. In the lyric, on the other hand, there is rarely an acknowledgement of source, and it is therefore necessary to depend upon the deadly parallel study of individual poems. The poets desired credit for originality, and they trusted to their appropriations not being discovered. The Pléiade, which had become a dominating force in French poetry, extended its sphere to England, so that the metrical forms, the vocabulary, and the matter of the French lyric, very considerably affected the English. Thus, we find Lyly's "Io Bacchus! To thy table" inspired by an equally

*The French Renaissance in England. By Sidney Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

buoyant lyric of Ronsard's; and Shakespeare's "glorified ebullition," "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," has the atmosphere of French rather than of English poetry. One might remark here, in criticism, that it is extremely difficult to dogmatize about such intangible stuff as the Shakespearean lyric, to separate what is the fine essence of the author's pure imagination from what is the characteristic product of a school or nation. It is easier to trace the antecedents of the Elizabethan sonnet. French influence is sometimes apparent in literal translation, sometimes in imitative paraphrase. The familiar topics of the Shakespearean sonnet — as the fading of youthful beauty and the consequent need of self-propagation, the denunciation of a false mistress of black complexion, and the like — were a "constant burden of the sonnet of the French Renaissance." Mr. Lee here merely hints at his own skepticism concerning the autobiographical value of the sonnets of Shakespeare, by remarking that those who hold to this view "can hardly deny that Shakespeare at times took his cue from contemporary French literature." Similarly, the poetic vaunt of immortality, which in some cases has, in other cases has not, been justified, goes back to Ovid, Horace, and Pindar, through the poets of the Pléiade.

The influence of the Huguenots was not so marked in literary as in social matters. The religious poetry of the last years of Elizabeth and the early days of James is largely inspired, however, by the Huguenot Du Bartas's *Le Semaine*, which had been badly translated by Sylvester, and notwithstanding its uncouth English dress exerted a very considerable influence, most markedly in the work of Drayton and Donne. Indeed, the so-called metaphysical school, which is generally carried back to Donne with his "combination of dissimilar images or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike," may be carried back still further, says Mr. Lee, to the work of this Frenchman Du Bartas. The French influence was thus not always an unmixed blessing.

In the drama, the influence of France was in the furnishing of plot material, and toward a more exact following of classical traditions. French history, as in the story of the Guises, and French versions of Italian novels and plays, furnished the theme for many an English play. There was always a learned party in England advocating a closer adherence to the orthodox classical creed; but the vigorous drama of England preferred the ways of romance to those of academic classicism. Here was the parting of the ways, since France chose the classical, and failed to reach the consummate glory of the Shakespearean performance. Beyond a certain point, French influence was unavailing; for there in the empyrean the individual genius soared alone.

Mr. Lee gives all due credit to his predecessors in the field, especially to Jusserand and Upham; but none has treated the subject in this period so exhaustively as he, while at the same time he makes it quite clear that his work is not definitive. If one might urge a criticism, it is the one usually attendant upon a tracing of sources and influences, that the seeker is apt to find what he is looking for, and not to give sufficient weight to what is either universal or individual. Into such error, though, Mr. Lee does not often slip.

JAMES W. TUPPER.

## CANADA OLD AND NEW.*

Of recent books published in or about Canada, several are devoted to a description, from differing points of view, of the country, or portions of the country, and its people. The latest and in some respects the most comprehensive of these works is that of Mr. W. L. Griffith on "The Dominion of Canada." Mr. Griffith, who has filled for some years the important position of secretary to the office of the High Commissioner for Canada in England, has written, for the "All-Red Series," a volume covering generally the history and present condition of the country. His book makes no pretentions to being based on original research; it is a popular narrative, simple and direct in style, and on the whole very accurate in statement, designed to meet the needs of the average reader seeking information in regard to the country that is to-day so much in the public eye. The special value of the book rests in its treatment of questions of immediate interest, such as railway development, technical education, the agricultural colleges, the proposed Georgian Bay Canal, the Preferential Tariff,

*THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By W. L. Griffith. With illustrations and maps. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

NEW RELATION OF GASPESIA. By Father Le Clercq. Translated and edited, with a reprint of the original, by William F. Ganong. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

THROUGH THE HEART OF CANADA. By Frank Yeagh. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A FISHERMAN'S SUMMER IN CANADA. By F. G. Aflalo. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the All Red Route, and the question of national defence. There are a number of appropriate illustrations, including such up-to-date subjects as a view of Main Street in Prince Rupert, and a picture of the consolidated School Garden Plots at the Guelph Agricultural College.

One of the more important of the books in our present group is the last publication of the Champlain Society. It is a reprint of a very old and rare work, by Father Le Clercq, a Recollect missionary in New France, who labored for many years among the Indians of the Gaspé peninsula. His book, published originally at Paris in 1691, is now only to be found in the large reference libraries, and is therefore practically unknown to all except a few students. As one of the original narratives of the seventeenth century in Canada, it was well worth translating and reprinting; and although its purely historical value may be inferior to other works of the same period, it stands almost alone in the minuteness and fidelity of the account it gives of the manners and customs of the Gaspesian Indians. Father Le Clercq describes the origin of the Gaspesians, according to their own traditions and the speculations of European travellers, their birth, customs, dress, ornaments, wigwams, and home life, food, language, religion, etc. He also devotes a chapter to the description of a system of hieroglyphic characters which he invented for the use of his converts. Another long chapter contains a very entertaining narrative of his mid-winter voyage along the coast from Nepisiguit to Miramichi. Father Le Clercq tells us, among other things, that the Gaspesians worshipped the Cross before the advent of white men. He gives a curious native tradition to the effect that in a certain time of great national calamity some of their wisest old men saw in a dream a beautiful stranger who showed them a Cross and told them that if the nation would make the like, and hold it in respect, it would bring an end of all their ills. The missionary tells us that in his first voyage to Gaspesia he found a Cross embellished with beads set in the place of honor in a wigwam, and the owner told him that he had received it from his ancestors by inheritance. Professor Ganong, in his invaluable Introduction to the reprint of Le Clercq's work, discusses minutely the contemporary and other evidence for and against Le Clercq's story of the origin of the worship of the Cross; and after rejecting the theories of Lafitau, Charlevoix, and others, that Le Clercq was carried away by his own enthusiasm and that there was no real basis for his story, comes to the conclusion that Le Clercq did find the Cross among the Miramichi Indians, but that it was probably a totem sign which, drawn in outline and more or less conventionalized according to custom, fell somewhat into the form of a cross. In addition to his scholarly Introduction, Professor Ganong has enriched this reprint with a number of valuable notes. The volume contains an exact copy of the original, as well as a translation; also a bibliographical description of the original work by Victor Hugo Paltsits, and a full index.

Mr. Frank Yeigh, author of "Through the Heart of Canada," assumed a difficult task in attempting to describe the Dominion of Canada from a fresh view-point. So many more or less competent writers have covered the same field, in much the same way, during the last few years, that the average reader will be inclined to reject this book as a mere re-statement of what others had said before. Mr. Yeigh has, however, his own individual way of looking at things; he also offers us the contrast of a Canadian describing his own country — other recent writers in the same field having been English, French, or American; and, further, he includes in his book an account of several little-known districts, such as New Ontario, the Magdalen Islands, and the Cariboo country of British Columbia. He also gives us an excellent account of that splendidly efficient little force, the North West Mounted Police; and one is glad of the opportunity of quoting this simple tribute from the official head of the force:

"Whether bringing relief to isolated settlers in bitter cold and over the deep snow of the open plains, carrying mail to distant Hudson Bay posts, to the Arctic seas, or to detachments in Northern british Columbia, or hurrying to the relief of unfortunate persons in remote parts, our men never fail us. They undertake the work with cheerfulness and carry it out indifferent to difficulties and hardships."

The dangers of the service were sufficiently revealed a few months ago, in the discovery of the bodies of a detachment of the Police, who had been sent out from Dawson in the winter of 1910, carrying mail to Fort Macpherson, Mackenzie River. They had starved to death within a few miles of their destination.

Mr. Aflalo is one of those English sportsmen who wander about the earth in search of new fields and new laurels. His book describes a three-months' fishing expedition in Eastern Canada, including salmon fishing on the Miramichi, "muskallonge" and black bass in Georgian Bay, and tuna off the Cape Breton Coast. The description of the attempts of him-

self and others to land these monsters of the sea, the tuna, makes perhaps the most interesting reading in the book. The mere idea of angling for a fish that runs anywhere up to eight hundred or nine hundred pounds, rather takes away the breath of anyone not accustomed to big game fishing. The following extract from Mr. Aflalo's diary will persuade most of us to leave the tuna severely alone:

"About 10.15 we caught sight of Ross in tow of a fish which was taking him at a terrific pace across the bay. I afterwards learned that he had hooked it at 9.55, and he played it in all for seven hours, thirty-five minutes. It seems a brief fight compared with that of nineteen hours last year, but this was far more effective than that, which was mostly towage. I watched him, keeping well out of the way, for five hours, during which time he was twice taken half way to the Bird Islands, the yacht standing by all the time, and the little power launch taking supplies for him and his men. He must have covered twenty or thirty miles in all. Then it seemed about three-thirty his rod broke over the gunwale, and he held the tuna for the last two hours on the broken stump. At the end he had worked his fish to a beach, and was handling it for the gaff, but the line caught for an instant on the jagged edge of the broken tip and parted. Seeing that Ross had two men to row his boat, a yacht standing by throughout, and a power boat plying between the two, the difficulties for any sportsman more normally fitted out look almost insuperable."

And that ought to be a comfort to any reckless sportsman who has dreamed of landing a North Atlantic tuna! LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

## A SIGNIFICANT PIECE OF BIBLE CRITICISM.*

By his "Genesis of Genesis," some twenty years ago Professor Bacon took high rank among the world's Biblical scholars. His present treatise on the Fourth Gospel fulfils the expectations then created. It has the thoroughness of the German, the perspicacity of the French, and the orderliness of the English. It will not turn the tide of opinion respecting the authorship and character of the Fourth Gospel, for that turned some years ago; but it will complete the victory of free but reverent Gospel Criticism, and also hasten certain important theological changes. Coming as it does from a distinguished professor at Yale University, it will be accepted as a most significant work, and will have profound influence among conservatives.

With gracious courtesy and scholarly thoroughness Professor Bacon combats (and completely overthrows, most readers will conclude) the arguments in behalf of the traditional views recently advanced by Sanday, Stanton, and Drummond. He points out, as others have done, that Drummond saves the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel at the expense of the writer's accuracy; while Sanday admits so large an idealizing tendency, especially in the long addresses attributed to Jesus, that the evangelist's testimony is seriously weakened. Professor Bacon clearly shows that the voluminous material gathered, over a generation ago, by Lightfoot and Ezra Abbot, actually has little or no bearing on the real question at issue. He points out that evidence that the Gospel existed during the years 120–150 is not proof that those who knew and used it then regarded it as apostolic; while similarities in phrase and thought in the writings of that period do not necessarily prove dependence upon this Gospel. Such similarities undoubtedly root back in conditions anterior to both the Gospel and to these expositions of what was then rising as a comparatively new form of Christian Faith.

Professor Bacon brings out with much force and clearness the important facts, the significant bearings of which have not generally been sufficiently recognized, that the Fourth Gospel for many years was not accepted as apostolic by important sections of Christendom; that it only slowly won its way to general acceptance; and that its final inclusion in the canon was due, not to historical evidence or to the character of the writing itself, but to theological prepossessions. The type of thought which it represented finally became dominant and craved apostolic sanction. The age was speculative, but not critical. It gladly appropriated what nourished its new forms of piety. But the Synopties long remained supreme as *sources* of the life-story and ethical message of Jesus, even with those who for doctrinal reasons came to use the Fourth Gospel as authoritative. The writings of the church fathers of the last half of the second century plainly illustrate this fact.

This treatise on the so-called Gospel of John is as popular in character as the discussion of such a problem admits. What eminent scholars have contributed to its solution during recent years is briefly but clearly described. Professor Bacon does not accept Wendt's suggestive partition theory, but presents instead the view that the Gospel was produced primarily as a *doctrinal exposition*, which early received editorial revision; so that in the work as it lies before us we have the writing of a mystical expositor who used the Synoptics and other

*THE FOURTH GOSPEL IN RESEARCH AND DEBATE. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Yale University. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

materials (possibly some may have come from the apostle John) to set forth the Logos conception of Jesus, which was then coming into prominence, working as honestly as Paul and in much the same spirit. Afterwards this writing was somewhat worked over or edited by a *redactor* — possibly more than one. By such a theory as this, the numerous dislocations, abrupt transitions, and incongruities of the document, long ignored or slighted by conservative scholars, are easily explained.

Professor Bacon frankly admits, in his closing pages, that this general conclusion of modern Biblical scholarship respecting the Fourth Gospel must necessarily produce marked changes in the theology, the preaching, and the ideals of the Christian Church. But he contends — and in this he is manifestly right — that all such necessary and permanent changes in faith and teaching will be for the good of Christianity and the blessing of mankind. Whatever these changes may be, one may be confident that the character and teachings of Jesus will gain in attractiveness and spiritual influence. Professor Bacon does not attempt to describe what these changes will be: this is not the task of the Biblical critic. They are even now in progress, and some day a great Christian teacher will arise and give them attractive and authoritative expression.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

## WHAT IS ART?*

Nothing puzzles the ordinary man more, when he thinks about the matter at all, than the difference between his notions and feelings about art and those of artists and connoisseurs. Though art may interest him little or not at all, he is nevertheless quite sure he knows what it is: his mind is not perplexed by definitions or shades of meaning. Why, then, should there be wide divergence of opinion about it among those for whom art forms the larger part of daily life? The lack of an authoritative and comprehensive definition does not explain this; most people are content to get along without such an aid to clarity of thought. The answer is that artists are not philosophers; their work is synthetic, not analytic, and rarely does their education tend to give them a clearly visioned and consistent conception of the nature of art, though if it did their average level of performance would almost certainly be much higher than it is. The philosophers too, for the most part, have failed to take a comprehending view, being less concerned to understand art than to elaborate formulas respecting it which shall square with their general hypotheses about life.

Art occupies a much larger place in the world than is generally realized. The ways in which it enters into and modifies the appearance of the things that surround us are countless. The importance, therefore, of right thinking in regard to it is very great. To such thinking, Professor Van Dyke's little book offers valuable aid. In answering the question "What is Art?" he does not attempt a definition, but puts the true point of view before the reader in delightfully incisive and luminous phrase, demonstrating beyond cavil that "art is primarily a matter of doing, somewhat a matter of seeing and feeling, and perhaps not at all a matter of theme or thinking." Trite as this may sound, it is doctrine that cannot be inculcated too often; as Professor Van Dyke says, it has to be impressed anew upon every succeeding generation.

The book consists of six essays, all but one of which may be commended without reservation. The exception is the essay on "Quality in Art," in which an attempt is made to explain the use of the word "quality" to denote what the French with nicer discrimination speak of as *charactere*. Like many other slip-shod expressions, it has gained some currency. That so careful a writer as Professor Van Dyke should accept it, is surprising. Quality is not the same thing as distinctive character. To impress the word with that meaning is indefensible, and must inevitably lead to confusion of thought. An example is furnished by the essay under consideration, where the word frequently recurs, but is not always used in the same sense.

In the essay on "The Use of the Model" the author points out one of the chief causes of the weakness of the art of to-day. The world's masterpieces were largely done "out of the heads" of the men who produced them. They recognized the danger of slavish adherence to the model and the importance of training the visual memory. Our artists and the teachers in our art schools would do well to ponder long and carefully what Professor Van Dyke has to

*WHAT IS ART? Studies in the Technique and Criticism of Painting. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ART'S ENIGMA. By Frederick Jameson. With eight illustrations. New York: John Lane Co.

ESSAYS ON THE PURPOSE OF ART. Past and Present Creeds of English Painters. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A PAINTER'S PROGRESS. The Scammon Lectures for 1910. By Will H. Low. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

say upon this topic. Turning to the consideration of art criticism and art history, he justly finds fault with the application of "the dollar standard" in judging works of art, and condemns the attitude of many collectors and connoisseurs. Eminently sound also are his remarks about the fragile character of so-called art history, built, as it sometimes is, upon a foundation of surmise.

The essay on "Art Appreciation" is a plea for the development of a distinctively American art. This is vigorously pressed, and there is undoubted force in the author's contention. But while it is obvious that "we shall not be great in art or its appreciation, nor shall we in anywise become an artistic people, until we put aside our foreign baubles and do our own things with our own materials in our own way," the argument against the acquisition of works of art that happen to be old or made in other lands is hardly convincing. It entirely ignores their educational value, which in the long run should help, not hinder, our appreciation of the productions of American workers in the field of art.

In "Art's Enigma," Mr. Frederick Jameson makes another attempt to bring order out of the "absolute chaos of our ideas upon the subject." It is a serious and careful study, embracing the whole field of art, with the aim "to discover some of the essential characteristics of the different things it unites in one." The author begins by showing the fallacy of many widely held notions. A person is not necessarily an artist because he happens to practise one of the arts. A painter does not actually copy the landscape in front of him, though he often entertains the delusion that he does. Realism and idealism are meaningless phrases. Realism signifies merely "a presentation of nature in accord with the view of the ordinary unimaginative person." Idealism signifies the presentation of equally real but less familiar things. "Bad art can only mean inartistic art, which is a contradiction in terms." A vital note is sounded in this cogent utterance:

> "All artistic 'impressions' . . . must be conceived, so to speak, in the medium of their expression, and not translated into it. The thing in the painter's mind must be a painted picture, not an intellectual conception; he must think in paint, forms, and colours; the musician must think in sound; the dramatist must hear and see his characters on the stage as he composes."

This leads up to analyses of the several arts of music, poetry, the drama, novel-writing, painting, and architecture, for the purpose of revealing the qualities common to all, on the theory that "widely as the material and methods of the various arts differ, their essence and aim must be the same." Taking a harmonized tune — one of the simplest works of art known to us — as the type, his analysis yields the following "schedule of the constituents of an art work":

> "A work of art is the representation of an imaginative conception of a group of things composed together in such a manner as to produce a number of æsthetic and emotional impressions, not all pleasant in themselves, but combining into one whole intensely delightful, complex, but harmonious mental impression. Its essence and the source of its charm and of all the effects above quoted — emotional suggestion, change of painful impressions to pleasant ones, unity and perfection of the whole — lie in the form and relation of the parts, and not at all in the separate component elements. The work appeals to the imagination alone, and the reason, or consciously acting part of the intellect, is insensible to its appeal, and is unable to explain or in any way to account for its attraction or even to tell whether any group of things form a work of art or not. Its sole aim, so far as we can at present see, is a certain kind of pleasure, of which the source is a highly complex kind of beauty."

As a working definition, this fails to satisfy. Surely the nature of the emotional or the mental impression produced cannot be one of the constituents of a work of art, since it depends upon the sensitiveness of the observer's mind, and not upon the quality or character of the thing observed. The ordinary man, also, will find it difficult to realize that his reason counts for nothing in the perception of harmonic relation.

When a perfect definition is put together, it will lay much stress upon the creative element as a prime essential. In a way, Mr. Jameson perceives this; and he insists that the creative emotion depends on its universality and not on its personality, and must cease to be absorbingly personal before it can find poetic expression. His words in this connection are worth bearing in mind.

> "Many works have been ruined as art by the attempt to bring into them some present personal experience or some burning personal emotion. Nevertheless, the desire that prompts such attempts is continually spoken of as the impelling force which produces art, and is confounded with the true ardour of the artist, which springs from the need of expressing, not his spirit's experience, but his imagination's vision."

Mr. Jameson's comments upon the arts of musical and dramatic composition, and of the writing of poetry and novels, are of special interest from the rigorous logic with which he pushes his inquiry, and the clearness with which he perceives that musical compositions, dramas, novels, and poems, as well as pictures, can only be classed as works of art when their component materials have been welded into organic and rhythmic unity. He has handled a difficult subject with lucidity and insight.

Mrs. Russell Barrington's "Essays on the Purpose of Art" are marred by extreme diffu-

siveness and constant digression which make her book a difficult one to read. It is designed as a sort of supplement — or, as the author puts it "a sequel" — to her "Reminisences of G. F. Watts" and "The Life, Letters and Work of Frederic Leighton"; and two of the essays attempt to describe the "something" said by these artists which "nothing has said before." In the case of Leighton, this "something" is declared to be:

> "First, the power of treating form with absolute structural correctness and at the same time with singular grace; masculine force and feminine quality of line combined; and secondly, to depict sentiment and meaning through attitudes of the human figure."

Need we wonder, therefore, that his art was not "art for art's sake," but "art for nature's sake"? Far different was the "something" said by Watts. His work "embodied the sense of noble Greek serenity emotionalized into passion by the temperament of the Celt." In a general way, the author realizes that the purpose of art is the satisfaction of the æsthetic sense; but her conception of art is extremely hazy, though much that she says is sound and well expressed.

The six Scammon Lectures delivered before the Art Institute of Chicago by Mr. Will H. Low, and now gathered in a volume entitled "A Painter's Progress," are pleasantly reminiscent, and deal with the author's student life and later experiences during thirty long years at home and abroad. They describe, with much interesting detail, the conditions under which the young American artist of fifty years ago prepared for his life-work. These conditions belong to a day that is past. Technical proficiency can now be acquired as well in the art schools of our larger cities as in Paris or Munich. But the gain in facilities for the education of our artists has not been accompanied by a corresponding increase in public appreciation of art. Mr. Low feels sure that in New York at least, in the seventies, the number of those who took a well-defined interest in art "included a greater share of the general public than to-day." That was before a new art propaganda, bristling with fads and Academic inanities, had been established here by enthusiastic young painters and architects fresh from European studios, and what Professor Van Dyke speaks of as "the unloading at our doors of the art plunder of all creation" had begun. The awakening of a new and more intelligent interest, Mr. Low thinks, can best be stimulated through the wider employment of fine mural decoration. How this can be brought about is perhaps not apparent. Mr. Low is sure that "the world is more filled with thinking men and women to-day than it was in the most brilliant epochs of the old days of art, and they will listen — only 'the artist' must have something to say." More than that, however, is necessary. The important thing is that what the artist has to say should be uttered in such a way as to command attention.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Correspondence of Mrs. Craigie and her friends.*

The early death, five years ago, of the pungently epigrammatic "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie) brought sorrow to her thousands of readers and admirers. Of novels and plays from her hand we shall have no more; but in the volume of her letters now published we find something of a more personal and intimate character, the unstudied expression of the mind and heart of both John Oliver Hobbes and Mrs. Craigie. "The Life of John Oliver Hobbes, Told in her Correspondence with Numerous Friends" (Dutton) opens with fifty-four pages of biography from the pen of her father, Mr. John Morgan Richards, prefaced by a brief introduction by Bishop Welldon. Mrs. Craigie's American birth and parentage are easily lost sight of, from the fact of her family's early removal to London; but she remained to the end proud of having been born under the stars and stripes. Married at nineteen and soon separated from her husband, she shaped the fifteen years of her literary activity very much after her own desire, leaving upon one the impression of a strong and intensely vital personality. Concerning her choice of her decidedly masculine *nom de plume*, she herself once said: "I chose the name of John because it is my father's and my son's; Oliver because of the warring Cromwell; and Hobbes because it is homely." Her love of the strong and pronounced in literature shows itself in an enthusiastic letter to Mr. Thomas Hardy, of whose "Jude" she does not hesitate to say: "That ranks in my mind with Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment.' Its greatness goes beyond literature and challenges comparison with all works of amazing genius." From one of her knowledge and skill in music, the following on Wagner as rendered at Bayreuth is surprising: "I think the thing is, on the whole, mere sensationalism of a rather vicious kind. In less than ten years Wagner will be 'off.'" Her eager striving to excel in her art, especially as a dramatist, undoubtedly shortened her strenuously busy life. The

letters are well selected, and are accompanied by sufficient explanatory commentary from an undesignated hand. Portraits and other illustrations are not lacking.

*Pioneer motoring in the Balkans.*

A European automobile tour, well out of the beaten track, and filled with much in the way of unusual and at times hair-raising experience, is described in detail and illustrated with innumerable snap-shot views, in Mr. Roy Trevor's substantial volume entitled "My Balkan Tour: An Account of Some Journeyings and Adventures in the Near East, together with a Descriptive and Historical Account of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Kingdom of Montenegro" (Lane). The party was composed of veteran travellers,—the author and an old schoolfriend, their wives, and one servant,—and the inevitable hardships of the journey, through lands primitively ignorant of the motor-car as well as of many other things occidental, were borne with merry hearts and in a fine spirit of adventure. The five hundred pages of the book cover an ample range of history and description, all of it interesting to some readers, and some of it interesting to all readers. The amazement and even terror with which the sputtering vehicle of the strangers filled the natives and their domestic animals, especially the horses, were such as almost to pass belief in the telling. Here is a sample of the sights of the "near East": "Skutari is a delight to the hunter of the bizarre, but a nightmare to the lover of hygiene, presenting as it does one vast, ever-changing panorama of almost grotesque characters. Its Turkish population is perhaps the most atrociously dirty on the face of the globe, yet if one does not probe too deeply into their lives, but is content to enjoy the general effect from a distance, one may delight in sights that belie the very word of Europe as we understand the term." The author has certainly given his readers good measure, and the lively interest he himself takes in every mile and every incident of the tour is sure to prove contagious with those who turn his pages. To the jaded tourist he renders a service by calling attention to fresh fields and untravelled roads of undeniable picturesqueness and charm.

*The element of comedy in George Meredith.*

Meredith's wit, brilliance, insight, mastery of style, painting of character, his philosophy of life, his message to mankind, and so on, have been duly dwelt upon by his many admirers and interpreters; but his command of comedy as a medium for the conveyance of his meaning has received far less attention, probably because, in the common acceptation of the term, comedy, mirth-compelling and more or less noisy, by no means abounds in his pages. But Mr. Joseph Warren Beach's study of "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith" (Longmans) serves as a not superfluous reminder that the creator of "Sir Austin Feverel" had in abundance that "lean humor" which the writer regards as the essence of comedy, or at least of the refined Meredithian variety of comedy. "Meredith's comedy," to quote Mr. Beach's explanation in full, "is lean humor. It is humor divested of those appurtenances of the sensuous, of sentimentality, of naturalistic detail, of material accident, of waggish impertinent wit, that make so fat and succulent the work of most English humorists." This high comedy of Meredith's concerns itself with high life. It is not content with the obviously laughable, but "deals with persons not comic on the surface, and shows them to be comic by the exhibition of their inner life." Accepting the author's definition of comedy and the comic for the purposes of the present study, one finds in the succeeding chapters (on the wiseacre, the snob, the sentimentalist, the optimist, the egotist, and the romantic epicure) some keen and enjoyable interpretations of Meredithian characters and Meredithian wit and wisdom. With the exception of certain desultory articles and chapters from earlier pens, Mr. Beach's book is a pioneer in the critical discussion of the Meredithian comic spirit. In style, and in the evidences of careful study, it prepossesses one at first glance and invites to a more than cursory perusal.

*A governor of the old Bay State, two centuries ago.*

Joseph Dudley, son of Thomas Dudley, second governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and himself for thirteen years governor of the Province under the new charter granted by William and Mary, forms the subject of one of the "Harvard Historical Studies." "The Public Life of Joseph Dudley" (Longmans), by Professor Everett Kimball, is primarily "a study of the colonial policy of the Stuarts in New England, 1660–1715," though extending by more than a quarter of a century beyond the period of Stuart rule in England. Dudley was a born politician and office-seeker, and contrived to keep himself rather prominently before the public during most of his adult life, holding a succession of offices and using his influence to secure desirable posts for his son and son-in-law. A "singularly unlovely" character, his present biographer confesses him to have been; but the historian's concern is not now with Dudley the man, but with "Dudley as an English official charged vith the execution of the English policy." The animus of our older chroniclers of American history is absent, undoubtedly with some loss of piquancy, from Professor Kimball's dispassionate and scholarly treatment of Dudley's official activities. The available printed and manuscript sources of information, which are considerable in number, seem to have been thoroughly examined, and the result is highly creditable to the Harvard Department of History, under whose auspices the series is published from the income of the Henry Warren Torrey Fund. One criticism, which in a sense is complimentary to the author, might be made. His book ends somewhat abruptly, leaving the reader uninformed as to the exact time and the full particulars of Dudley's final

removal from his high office. A long list of authorities and a full index close the volume.

*A dip into the future of Education.*

Mr. Charles Ferguson's convention-defying volume entitled "The University Militant" (Kennerley) is a plea for making higher education more productive of good to humanity at large. The university should remodel itself on the twelfth-century pattern of "a self-governing commonwealth" in which "the students had the suffrage and managed the corporation; the professors did not speak *de haut en bas* like princes and bishops." The author's suggestion, therefore, is "to build university towns, universities whose charters shall be municipal charters, and set them the task of subduing as much of the earth as they can manage — say a million or two acres each, something over forty miles square — by the exercise of their own organic civilizing powers." Science and the will to do good are to be brought into closer union. Arbitrariness — intellectual, political, or of whatever sort — is to give way to a sweet reasonableness. At present "the State dies because it is a state; it dies of static law. It attempts to erect in this fluent, growing world a permanent establishment aloof from nature." The author speaks of "the paralysis of ideal politics," and refers to "scholars in politics" as having "had their day." Mr. Ferguson's varied attainments — he is a member of the New York bar, was at one time rector of St. James's Church in Syracuse, and is now a writer of editorials and of books — qualify him to speak intelligently and persuasively on the many vital questions broached in "The University Militant."

*The biography of a famous biographer.*

Just as Johnson's famous biographer has been himself biographized, the reflected glory of his hero investing honest Boswell with sufficient glamour to interest the world in his rather prosaic and hum-drum life-history, so the author of the most popular biography of Washington is now made the subject of as full a biographical sketch as is rendered possible by the extant sources of information. The Rev. Mason Locke Weems, whose "Life of Washington" was in its day more than forty times re-printed, and had a sale such as probably no other American biography has achieved, has inspired Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth to fill a little book of one hundred pages ("Parson Weems: A Biographical and Critical Study," published by the Eichelberger Book Co. of Baltimore) with a variety of carefully-gleaned information respecting this versatile preacher, pedlar, moralist, and biographer. The disputed place and date of his birth are given, without citation of authorities, as "Marshes Seat, the family homestead near Herring Creek in Anne Arundel County, Maryland," October 1, 1759. Frank admission is made of Weems's practice of drawing on his imagination in his biographical works, the cherry-tree incident being of course acknowledged to be of doubtful authenticity. A good deal of a "character" was Parson Weems, and Mr. Wroth's book is interesting reading. Details of the gradual growth of Weems's "Washington" from pamphlet to book, and of its astonishing sale thereafter, would have been interesting, but doubtless were not easily procurable. A portrait of Weems and other appropriate illustrations adorn the biography.

*The unassimilated colored element of New York City.*

Miss Mary White Ovington gives the suggestive title "Half a Man" to her careful study of "the status of the negro in New York," which is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. as the second of the series under the supervision of the Greenwich House Committee on Social Investigations. Melancholy and humiliating is the picture presented of the harsh and often obviously illegal discrimination that the colored person of cosmopolitan New York struggles against, most often in vain, in the attempt to win a livelihood and to secure some modest measure of happiness and comfort and self-respect. Provincial, not cosmopolitan, is our metropolis in some of her prejudices as compared with Paris and London, where other alien races besides the African have had occasion to note with gratitude the humanity shown to them at a time when American rudeness had left them tingling with humiliation and indignation. And from Miss Ovington's showing the conditions are not at present improving. "Northern men visiting southern colored schools advise the pupils to remain where they are, and restless spirits among the race are assured that it is better to submit to some personal oppression than to go to a land of uncertain employment. The past glory of the North is dwelt upon, its days of black waiters, and barbers, and coachmen; but the present is painted in harsh colors." Nevertheless Miss Ovington cheers herself with the hope that "in the future it [New York] may take on a larger, more cosmopolitan spirit," and that then "the Negro will bring to it his highest genius, and will walk through it simply, quietly, unnoticed, a man among men."

*Child-labor, its causes and its cure.*

Mr. Scott Nearing's little book entitled "The Solution of the Child-Labor Problem" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is written from the conviction that hitherto we have not been dealing adequately with the child-labor problem because we have been attacking child-labor itself directly through coercive legislation. We have not been concerned with a removal of its causes. Legislation against child-labor is not sufficient, because child-labor is a symptom only. It is the poverty of wage-earners and inadequate schools that must be attacked, for these are the prime causes of child-labor. The steps necessary to the removal of these causes are, first, insuring proper training of children for life and work; second, giving to society efficient and social men and women; third, keeping families above the line of mal-nutrition; and, fourth, preventing the premature employment of children. The writer recommends for the first and second

goals the reorganization of our schools so as to make them more attractive to children and capable of developing more efficient citizens; and for the third, the establishing of a minimum wage, of compulsory insurance, and of school feeding. The book is written in a popular vein, and gives somewhat the impression of expressing rather obvious views as if they were new and almost revolutionary.

## *BRIEFER MENTION.*

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. are republishing some of the world's greatest fictions in a new illustrated popular-priced form, "The Louxembourg Library." They have just issued in this series Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and a translation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" by Celine P. Delano. Each volume has a photogravure portrait of the author on the title-page.

"George Meredith: His Life and Art in Anecdote and Criticism," by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, which was first issued within a few months of the novelist's death, is now reissued by Mr. John Grant of Edinburgh in a revised and enlarged form with fifty-five illustrations. The book deals with every phase of Meredith's life and art, and the author has amended its pages in places where the advisability of so doing was suggested by the criticisms of the first edition.

Miss Susan Paxon has written "Two Latin Plays for High-School Students," which are published in a little volume by Messrs. Ginn & Co. Their subjects are "A Roman School" and "A Roman Wedding." It seems that the Roman schoolboy was given to reciting Macaronic verse, such as:

> "Jacobus Horner
> Sedebat in corner
> Edens Saturnalicium pie."

Directions are given for stage-setting and costuming. We heartily recommend this little book as a means of imparting freshness and interest to the dry work of teaching elementary Latin.

It was more than a quarter of a century ago that Mr. Slason Thompson collected from his scrap-books a volume which he called "The Humbler Poets." Since that time, Mr. Wallace Rice and Miss Frances Rice have been making similar gleanings from current verse, and the result is a second volume bearing the above title. There are many kinds of "humble poets," and the editors have kept tab upon most of them, besides a few who are probably a little indignant at finding themselves thus designated. But it is stoutly denied that the term "carries with it any pejorative signification," which disclaimer should console the aggrieved. Both volumes are published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Five new volumes appear in the "Home University Library" of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The elementary treatise on "Evolution" is the work of Professors Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson, who are used to working in double harness. "The Animal World" is a correlated volume by Professor F. W. Gamble, with an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge. Mr. J. A. Hobson, in "The Science of Wealth," provides the uninformed with a few notions of elementary economics, tinctured with the socialistic spirit that is just now the fashion in books of this sort. A history of "Mediæval Europe" the work of Mr. H. W. C. Davis. In "An Introduc- n to Mathematics," Mr. A. N. Whitehead gives us a book intended to "enable students from the very beginning of their course to know what the science is about and why it is necessarily the foundation of exact thought as applied to natural phenomena." This is a most praiseworthy object, and mathematical teaching would become much more interesting than it is if it were accompanied by a certain amount of reading of this philosophical, or of the historical sort.

Shakespearian Scholarship has by no means come to a standstill. We are told in the "Introduction to Shakespeare" (Macmillan), produced by the joint labors of Drs. MacCracken, Pierce, and Durham, that "the studies of Wallace in the life-records, of Lounsbury in the history of editions, of Pollard and Grey in early quartos, of Lee upon the First Folio, of Albright and others upon the Elizabethan Theatre, as well as valuable monographs on individual plays," have all been produced since the publication of the last Shakespeare manual. The new work is thus amply justified. The closing lines of the book neatly characterize the Baconian delusion as "one of the strangest medleys of garbled facts and fallacious reasoning which has ever imposed on an honest and intelligent but uninformed public."

## NOTES.

The "Kilmarnock" Burns of 1786 is added by Mr. Henry Frowde to his delightful series of first editions in type-facsimile reprints. It is one of the most welcome and attractive of the whole series.

Professor Edward A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, has just completed a first-hand investigation of social and economic conditions in China, the results of which, in popular form, will be published immediately by the Century Co.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell's important study of "The Tariff in Our Times" is to be issued at an early date by the Macmillan Co. In this connection, we may note that practically all of Miss Tarbell's earlier books have been taken over by the Macmillan Co.

A volume of "Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry," translated by Dr. Kuno Meyer, comes to us from the Messrs. Dutton. It illustrates the various styles and moods of old Celtic literature — myth, religion, songs of nature and love, and miscellaneous categories.

"Selections from Byron," edited by Dr. Samuel M. Tucker, and "Selections from Lincoln," edited by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, are additions to the "Standard English Classics" of Messrs. Ginn & Co. Both books have readable introductions, and neither is overloaded with notes.

For over thirty years "Corea, The Hermit Nation," by Dr. William E. Griffis, has been the standard authority on "The Hermit Kingdom." Messrs. Scribner's Sons now announce a ninth edition of the work, in which six new chapters are devoted to the economics and politics of Corea, the war with China and Russia, the Japanese protectorate, and on Corea in its new status as a province of Japan.

American novels that are just now taking the British fancy are the much talked-about "Queed" of Mr. Sydnor Harrison, "The Long Roll" by Miss Mary Johnston, and Mr. Owen Wister's "Members of the Family." The last-named writer has become an established favorite with English readers of taste and discernment, and Miss Johnston's carefully elaborated romances have a worth that the fiction-loving Briton

knows how to value. "Queed," as coming from a new author, excites curiosity both by reason of its puzzling and admirably brief title, and also perhaps because of the rather prepossessing name of the writer.

Mr. Robert D. Benedict has retold in modern English a number of "Stories from the Old French Chronicles," finding his material in such matters as the Sieur de Pontis, Pierrè de l'Estoile, Bertrand du Guesclin, and others. His volume is prettily published by Mr. Richard G. Badger.

A collection of posthumous studies by the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, entitled "Genius and Other Essays," is a welcome announcement from Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. This firm has also in press the "Memoirs of Theodore Thomas," by his widow, Rose Fay Thomas.

What may be called a supplement to the recently-issued Wagner Autobiography exists in the composer's family letters. A translation of these is now being done by Mr. Ashton Ellis, the author of an exhaustive life of Wagner, and the book will be published in the course of this Autumn.

In the "Eclectic Readings" of the American Book Co. we now have "Stories of Don Quixote Written Anew for Young People," by Mr. James Baldwin, and "The Story of Modern France," by Miss H. A. Guerber. These books are attractively illustrated, and make very good reading for young people.

John Dennis (1657–1734) is not exactly a name to conjure with, but he played an important part in his time. Particularly as a critic, he made himself disliked by his attacks upon the great writers of the Augustan Age, and they saw to it that his own poems and plays should not win too much applause. His stock seems to be coming up at present, and Dr. H. G. Paul has found the subject of his life and literary activity worthy of an elaborate monograph, which is now published at the Columbia University Press.

The Abbé Félix Klein of Paris, who is known as a shrewd observer and critic of America and American institutions, has again turned his eye upon this country. Having described, in "The Land of the Strenuous Life," the America of the present, Abbé Klein now competes with Mr. H. G. Wells and other latter-day prophets in making a forecast of "America of Tomorrow." A translation of the work will be published this Fall by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The first work to appear from Herr Sudermann's pen since "The Song of Songs" is announced for Fall publication by Mr. B. W. Huebsch. It is a story of gay Berlin life, entitled "The Indian Lily," in which it is said that the author again displays the unique power of portraying womanhood that made it possible for him to create in "The Song of Songs" a type entirely new to fiction. In the same volume will appear six shorter stories, forming "a cycle of womanhood" — a gallery of femininity, in varying phases from the common to the finest spiritual type.

The authorship of "The Great Illusion," that widely circulated and logically persuasive irenicon published (in half a dozen languages) under the pseudonym of "Norman Angells," has now become an open secret. Mr. Ralph Lane, manager of the Paris edition of the London "Daily Mail," and a young man of alertness and initiative (if one can judge from his portrait) is the genius to whom we owe this contribution to the cause of universal peace, a cause that is likely to be still further promoted by the generous action of a wealthy London philanthropist who is reported to have given twenty thousand pounds to make the book still more widely known.

Mr. A. Maurice Low, the second volume of whose study in national psychology, "The American People," will be published this Fall, denies that the effect of immigration is to drag down the level of American civilization. He endeavors to prove the contrary — in doing the work that the native son scorns, the immigrant causes him to seek work requiring greater ability and giving more remuneration, and is thus the lever by which the native is moved up a notch or two in the scale of social efficiency.

Luther's greatest service to the world, in the opinion of Dr. McGiffert, whose book on Luther will be published this Fall, was his recognition of the normal human relationships, including those of the sexes. Where the religious teachers of the Middle Ages had represented woman as a necessary evil and a temptation to a less perfect way of living, Luther saw in her one ordained of God to be the companion and helpmate of man, a vocation greater than that of the nunnery, as it provided the sphere in which the highest religious and moral character could be developed. In preaching the union instead of the separation of man and woman, Luther did much to bring religion from the abnormal to the normal.

The death of Myrtle Reed, who put an end to her life on the seventeenth of August, at her home in Chicago, will bring a sense of personal loss to many thousands of readers. Her books took the public into her confidence, and the public showed its appreciation by buying them to the number of hundreds of thousands. For the last few years, she has been one of the most widely-read of American novelists, and, if her readers got little more than sentiment and whimsical invention from her books, they at least got nothing that was harmful. Myrtle Reed belonged to a family many of whose members have literary and artistic interests, and her own literary bent was predetermined by the influences that surrounded her childhood. She had hardly been graduated from the high school before she began to make a living by her pen, and she was early successful in her efforts. She was married about five years ago to Mr. James Sydney McCullough, and was in her thirty-seventh year when she died.

A forthcoming life of the late Dr. Furnivall, which is among the good things to be expected in the near future, will be distinguished by certain unconventional and highly welcome features. The necessary outline of the eminent Shakespearean scholar's life and work will be agreeably supplemented by chapters of anecdote and reminiscence from a number of his friends, including Dr. Stopford Brooke, Sir Sidney Lee, Sir James Murray, and Mr. A. W. Pollard. There was so much to Dr. Furnivall beside Shakespearean scholarship — he was, among other things, a dexterous oarsman and founder of the Furnivall Sculling Club — that these reminiscences from various sources promise to be of varied and very human interest. The profits from the sale of the book, which ought to be considerable, are said to be destined for the benefit of the above-mentioned boat club, whose establishment was conceived by its founder as a vigorous protest against the absurd English notion that rowing is a sport for the gentry alone.

## Topics in Leading Periodicals.

*September 1911.*

Abbey, Edwin A. Arthur Hoeber. *Bookman.*
Abbey, E. A., Illustrator. Ernest Knauff. *Rev. of Revs.*
Africa, Frenchmen and Germans in. E. A. Forbes. *Rev. of Revs.*
Algeria and Tunis, Motoring in. Abigail H. Fitch. *Century.*
Ambassador, Gossip of an. Louise Morgan Sill. *No. Amer.*
Andean "Garden of the Gods." W. V. Alford. *Century.*
Antwerp, Waterside. Ralph D. Paine. *Scribner.*
Banking Plan, Aldrich. Wilber L. Stonex. *North American.*
Bergson, Henri, the Philosopher. Edwin Bjorkman. *Forum.*
Book Auction, Old-Time London. W. L. Andrews. *Bookman.*
Boy Scouts 300,000 Strong. W. H. Sherman. *World's Work.*
Boy Thievery and Reclamation. P. M. White. *World's Work.*
Cæsars, Women of the. G. Ferrero. *Century.*
Charter, How Not to Draft a. Rabbi S. S. Wise. *No. Amer.*
Child, Right to Be Well-Born. W. Hutchinson. *World's Work.*
China Loan and America. Frederick McCormick. *Scribner.*
Cities, The Awakening of—IV. Henry Oyen. *World's Work.*
Crime and Punishment. Hermann Scheffauer. *Lippincott.*
Dance, Renaissance of the. Gaspard Etcher. *Forum.*
Democratic House, Work of. Champ Clark. *North American.*
Education, Aristocratic and Democratic. *Atlantic.*
Eskimo Women in Greenland. Anna Bistrup. *Century.*
Farmer's Pedigree. David Buffum. *Atlantic.*
Fires, Losing Fight Against—II. E. F. Croker. *World's Work.*
General Reader, In Behalf of. Brander Matthews. *No. Amer.*
German Element in the United States. R. Cronau. *Forum.*
Habits that Help. Walter Dill Scott. *Everybody's.*
Hare, Bishop, of So. Dakota. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Atlantic.*
Heavens, Cycle of the Eternal. A. W. Bickerton. *Harper.*
Humanity, In Quest of a Happy. F. Van Eeden. *World's Work.*
Indeterminate Sentence. A Prisoner. *Atlantic.*
India, The Ethical Conquest of. Lauriston Ward. *Forum.*
India's Neighbors and Khyber Pass. R. D. MacKenzie. *Century.*
Insect Life on Shores. Howard J. Shannon. *Harper.*
Insurance Stock and Gullible Public. C.M. Keys. *World's Work.*
Internal Revenue Service. Catherine F. Cavanagh. *Bookman.*
Irrigation Ditch, Rescuing a People by. *World's Work.*
Japan, Christian Missions in. Adachi Kinnosuke. *Century.*
Japan, Intellectual Life in. Paul S. Reinsch. *No. American.*
Labor Leader's Own Story. I. Henry White. *World's Work.*
Congress, Literary Men in. George Henry Payne. *Bookman.*
Literature, Nomenclature in. Kate Leslie Smith. *Bookman.*
Lloyd George and His Policies. Sydney Brooks. *Forum.*
Luther and His Work. A. C. McGiffert. *Century.*
Maeterlinck, Later Philosophy. Margaret Sherwood. *Atlantic.*
Manuscript and the Manager. George Jean Nathan. *Bookman.*
Mapping World on Standard Scale. H. T. Wade. *Rev. of Revs.*
Mexico after Diaz. Stephen Bonsal. *North American.*
Moroland, Country Fair in. C. T. Boyd. *Century.*
Music, Wild. Herbert Ravenal Sass. *Atlantic.*
Napoleon III., Visit to. Mme. de H. Lindencrone. *Harper.*
Navies as Intellectual Factors. Rear-Admiral Mahan. *N. Am.*
New Zealand, Woodcarving in. J. N. Ingram. *Century.*
Outdoors, Great American. Maximilian Foster. *Everybody's.*
Philippine Experiences. F. Funston. *Scribner.*
Plants and Fruits to Order, Making. J. R. Smith. *Everybody's.*
Poetry, Present State of. Arthur D. Ficke. *North American.*
Public Ownership, Aspects of. Sydney Brooks. *North Amer.*
Race Improvement, Experiments. F. M. Bjorkman. *Rev. of Revs.*
Race Problem, Trying to Solve. Saint Nihal Singh. *Rev. of Revs.*
Railroad Accidents. George L. Knapp. *Lippincott's.*
Republican Conventions, 1880 and 1884. J. Ford Rhodes. *Scribner*
Rio Grande, The Watch on. G. W. Ogden. *Everybody's.*
Sherman, General. Jared W. Young, Ed. *Atlantic.*
Shipwrecks, Toll of the Sea. R. W. Ritchie. *Harper.*
Siamese King's Cremation. K. Van Dort. *Century.*
South Africa, Climate and Diseases. M. F. Wilcox. *Century.*
South America, High Lights of. F. Lindsay. *Lippincott's.*
Sports, Amateurism in. Luther Gulick. *Lippincott's.*
Stock Market, The Lamb in the. E. S. Meade. *Lippincott's.*
Thames, The. Sydney Brooks. *Harper.*
Theatre, The New, in New York. J. Corbin. *World's Work.*
Underwood, Democracy's New Chieftain. *Review of Reviews.*
Wagner as a Lover. Lawrence Gilman. *North American.*
Wedding Day in Fiction. Edna Kenton. *Bookman.*
Wood Products, Getting Most Out of. *Review of Reviews.*

## List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 44 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

### HISTORY.

**Mediæval Sicily:** Aspects of Life and Art in the Middle Ages. By Cecilia Waern. Illustrated, 8vo, 387 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. net.

**San Francisco Bay and California in 1776:** Maps, Sketches, and Facsimiles from the Original Manuscript of Pedro Font. With explanation by Irving Berdine Richman. Providence, R. I.: The John Carter Brown Library.

**The Portola Expedition of 1769-1770.** Diary of Vicente Vila. Edited by Robert Selden Rose. With maps, 8vo, 119 pages. "Publications of the Academy of Pacific Coast History." University of California.

**A History of Public Permanent Common School Funds in the United States, 1796-1905.** By F. Harper Smith, Ph.D. 8vo, 503 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $3.75 net.

**A History of the Jews.** By Paul Goodman. 18mo, 152 pages. "The Temple Primers." E. P. Dutton & Co. 35c. net.

### NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

**The Essential Poetry of Pope.** Edited by William Walker. 18mo, 116 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. net.

**The Works of Edgar Allan Poe.** Illustrated, 12mo, 1142 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

**The Miniature Series.** Comprising The Rubáiyat; Snowbound; Recessional; Gray's Elegy. Sonnets from the Portugese; The Ballad of Reading Goal; The Vision of Sir Lanufal. T. Y. Crowell & Co. Each, leather, 35 cts. net.

**Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales.** By Elizabeth C. Gaskell. With introduction by Clement Shorter. 18mo, 352 pages. "World's Classics." Henry Frowde.

### FICTION.

**The Common Law.** By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated, 12mo, 535 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.40 net.

**The Secret Garden.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 12mo, 375 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

**Mother Carey's Chickens.** By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated, 12mo, 356 pages. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

**The Ne'er-Do-Well.** By Rex Beach. Illustrated. 12mo, 402 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

**The Ship of Coral.** By H. De Vere Stacpoole. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 311 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.20 net.

**A Portentous History.** By Alfred Tennyson. 12mo, 349 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.30 net.

**Tales of the Town.** By Charles Belmont Davis. Illustrated. 12mo, 339 pages. $1.30 net.

**A Watcher of the Skies.** By Gustave F. Mertins. With colored frontispiece, 12mo, 376 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co $1.25 net.

**On the Iron at Big Cloud.** By Frank K. Packard. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 343 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.

**Monna Lisa,** Or The Quest of the Woman Soul. By Guglielmo Scala. With colored frontispiece, 12mo, 206 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1. net.

### BOOKS OF VERSE.

**At the Silver Gate.** By John Vance Cheney. Illustrated. 12mo, 94 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

**The House of Life.** By Harrold Johnson. With reproductions from the pictures of G. F. Watts, 16mo, 63 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.

**The Divine Comedy of Dante.** Translated by C. E. Wheeler. In three volumes, each with photogravure frontispiece. 12mo. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. net.

**Trobador Poets.** Translated from the Provençal, with introduction and notes, by Barbara Smythe. With illuminated frontispiece. 16mo, 198 pages. "Mediæval Library." Duffield & Co. $2. net.

### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

**Sinai in Spring;** or, The Best Desert in the World. By M. J. Rendall. Illustrated, 8vo, 167 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

**The Wonders of the Colorado Desert.** By George Wharton James. New popular edition. Illustrated, 8vo, 547 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $2 50 net.

**Paris the Beautiful.** By Lilian Whiting. New popular edition. Illustrated, 8vo, 399 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

**Sun and Shadow in Spain.** By Maude Howe. New popular edition. Illustrated. 8vo, 411 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

**Historical Atlas.** By William B. Shepherd. 216 maps and 94 reference pages. Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

**Readings in Political Science.** Edited by Raymond Garfield Gettell. 8vo, 568 pages. Ginn & Co. $2 25.

**Introduction to Psychology.** By Robert M. Yerkes. Large 12mo, 427 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.60.

**A Spanish Grammar.** By Everett Ward Olmsted and Arthur Gordon. 12mo, 519 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1 40.

**An Introduction to German.** By Eduard Prokosch. 12mo, 316 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.15.

**New Composition and Rhetoric for Schools.** By Robert Herrick and Lindsay Todd Damon. A Revision by L. T. Damon. 12mo, 508 pages. Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.

**An Elementary English Grammar.** By Anna Blount and Clark S. Northup. 12mo, 264 pages. Henry Holt & Co. 55c.

**The Farewell Address of George Washington** and the First Bunker Hill Oration of Daniel Webster. Edited by Frank W. Pine, M.A. 16mo, 117 pages. (Gateway Series.) American Book Co. 30 cts.

**Irving's Sketch Book.** Edited by Arthur Willis Leonard. 16mo, 417 pages. "English Readings for Schools." Henry Holt & Co.

**Introduction to Bible Study: The Old Testament.** By F. V. N. Painter, D.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 265 pages. Sibley & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

**History of Money in the British Empire and the United States.** By Agnes E. Dodd. 8vo, 356 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co.

**A Lecture on Mendelism.** By H. Drinkwater. Illustrated, 8vo, 31 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.

**The Lore of the Honey Bee.** By Tickner Edwardes. 18mo, 196 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. net.

**The Story of Mary MacLane.** By Herself. New edition, with a chapter on the present. 12mo, 354 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.10 net.

**The Journal of a Neglected Bull Dog.** By Barbara Blair, Illustrated, 12mo, 187 pages. George W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cts. net.

**En Harmonio Kun La Eterneco.** De Ralph Waldo Trine; tradukita de Frederik Skeel-Giörling. 12mo, 124 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cts. net.

**The Insurance Bill Made Clear.** By D. Owen Evans. 12mo, 94 pages. David Nutt. Paper.


**IDYLLS OF GREECE** HOWARD SUTHERLAND
$1.00. By Mail $1.09
**Second Series** AN EXQUISITE GIFT BOOK
DESMOND FITZGERALD, 156 5th Ave., New York

**Autograph Letters of Famous People Bought and Sold**
EXPERT APPRAISAL AND HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID.
*Send me list of what you have.*
**P. F. MADIGAN, 501 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK**

*ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW BOOK*
**Motor Work *and* Formal Studies**
By CHARLES DAVIDSON, Ph.D.
*Professor of Education in the University of Maine.*
A timely and practical discussion, with programs, of the correlation of Motor Activities and Formal Studies in Primary Grades.
Cloth, 75 cts.; by mail, 80 cts.; paper covers, 60 cts.
**H. A. Davidson, The Study-Guide Series, Cambridge, Mass.**

*NEW BOOKS BY THE TWO GREATEST LIVING GERMAN NOVELISTS:*
**SUDERMANN: The Indian Lily**
**HAUPTMANN: The Fool in Christ**
Translations to be published this fall.
Order in advance from your bookseller.
**B. W. HUEBSCH, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK**

F. M. HOLLY
Authors' and Publishers' Representative
Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

**AUTHORS**
wishing manuscripts placed without reading fee, address
**La TOUCHE HANCOCK, 134 W. 37th St., New York City**

Mr. Esenwein
**Short-Story Writing**
A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short Story, taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine. *Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.*
250-page catalogue free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 571, Springfield, Mass.

**BOOKS.** ALL OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED, no matter on what subject. Write us. We can get you any book ever published. Please state wants. Catalogue free.
BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16 Bright St., BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

**A Portrait Catalogue** Containing 23 Portraits of Authors will be sent *FREE ON REQUEST*
This CATALOGUE contains a full list of titles to date.
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., 33 East 17th St., NEW YORK

**THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION**
Established in 1880. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN
**Railroad, Canal, and Financial Literature**
Large stock of books and pamphlets on these subjects.
Catalogue No. 10 of rare Railroad books mailed on request.
**DIXIE BOOK SHOP, 41 Liberty St., New York**

***Libraries, Collections of Books, and Autograph Letters Purchased***

**LEXINGTON BOOK SHOP**
**120 East 59th Street, New York City**

SEND YOUR "WANTS" TO
**WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO.**
*Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers*
851-853 SIXTH AVE. (Cor. 48th St.), NEW YORK
*ALL BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS*
Including **FRENCH** SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND OTHER FOREIGN **BOOKS**
Including **MEDICAL** books and works concerning **HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS** and other Domestic Animals
Special facilities for supplying Schools, Colleges and Libraries. Catalogues on Application.

THE DIAL
FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER
SEPTEMBER SIXTEEN

*A NOTABLE prospectus of the activities of the American Publishing Trade at the opening of the season 1911-12 will be presented in the annual* FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER *of* THE DIAL, *to appear, as usual, on September 16. In the regular classified "List of Books Announced for Fall Publication" and in the advertising pages of this issue will be found full advance information regarding all the important new books in preparation for the coming season.* THE DIAL'S *announcement lists have for many years been recognized as the most accurate and useful prepared by any periodical, and the issues containing them are relied upon generally by the retail trade, librarians and private buyers of books in making up advance order lists and planning future book purchases. The* FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER *is therefore one of the most important and desirable book advertising mediums of the year. The rate for space in this issue is forty dollars a page. As the display is always large, orders and copy should be forwarded at the earliest moment possible.*

THE DIAL COMPANY, FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO